SONGS OF AMERICA

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

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By Edna Dean Proctor

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AND OTHER POEMS

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And Other Poems

BY

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

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To My Sister

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SONGS OF AMERICA

Measureless lands Columbus gave and rivers through
zones that roll,
But his rarest, noblest bounty was a New World for
the soul!

SONGS OF AMERICA

THE NEW WORLD'S QUEEN

Swift to the Queen, St. Angel came—
Resolute, fearless, his heart aflame;
Swift to the Queen, by Granada's gate,
Lest tidings should fall too late, too late:
"Columbus is parting for France! alas,
If he and his wondrous purpose pass
From Spain for ever! for sure am I
He will sail and find where the Indies lie;
And renown and splendor that might be yours
As long as the land or the sea endures,
And gain to the Church of realms unknown
Will all, alas! to the winds be thrown!
Oh, Sovereign Lady! call him back
As north he speeds on his cheerless track,
For, over the vast, mysterious seas,
Glory will sail with the Genoese!"

Coifed and kerchiefed with Flanders lace,
Isabel sat in her royal place;

Her robe, of velvet, with broidered hems;
On her bosom a cross whose priceless gems
Flashed from the burnished bars to tell
Of the holy faith she loved so well; —
Sat, and listened, and thought of him
Who had waited and prayed till hope grew dim;
And a new light beamed from her eyes of blue,
And the world spread wide to her spirit's view.
Ferdinand, King, turned cold away
From the suppliant fleeing to France that day;
Castile's rich coffers by wars were drained;
But her jewels, her jewels at least remained! —
And, rising, regally calm and fair,
Ready the boldest quest to dare:
"*For my crown of Castile I will undertake*
The enterprise, and my jewels stake
To pay the cost of the voyage!" she said.
With a blessing St. Angel bowed his head,
And a courier spurred from the Queen to stay
Columbus, leagues on his lonely way.
'T was an April morn; but when the sheaves
Were ripe, and Granada's yellowing leaves
To earth by the autumn blasts were whirled,
He had sought and found the great New World!

Aye! over the vast, mysterious seas,
Glory had sailed with the Genoese,
And fadeless bays for her brow serene,
Borne Isabella — the New World's Queen!

COLUMBIA'S BANNER[1]

(From the official programme of the National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day, October 21, 1892.)

"GOD helping me," cried Columbus, "though
fair or foul the breeze,
I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond the
western seas!"
So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent, though the
blue should bar,
To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an undis-
covered star!
And into the vast and void abyss he followed the
setting sun;
Nor gulfs nor gales could fright his sails till the
wondrous quest was done.
But oh, the weary vigils, the murmuring, tortur-
ing days,
Till the Pinta's gun, and the shout of "Land!"
set the black night ablaze!
Till the shore lay fair as Paradise in morning's
balm and gold,
And a world was won from the conquered deep,
and the tale of the ages told!

Uplift the starry Banner! The best age is begun!
We are the heirs of the mariners whose voyage that morn was done.
Measureless lands Columbus gave and rivers through zones that roll,
But his rarest, noblest bounty was a New World for the soul!
For he sailed from the past with its stifling walls, to the future's open sky,
And the ghosts of gloom and fear were laid as the breath of heaven went by;
And the pedant's pride and the lordling's scorn were lost, in that vital air,
As fogs are lost when sun and wind sweep ocean blue and bare;
And freedom and larger knowledge dawned clear, the sky to span,
The birthright, not of priest or king, but of every child of man!

Uplift the New World's banner to greet the exultant sun!
Let its rosy gleams still follow his beams as swift to west they run,

Till the wide air rings with shout and hymn to
welcome it shining high,
And our eagle from lone Katahdin to Shasta's
snow can fly
In the light of its stars as fold on fold is flung to
the autumn sky!
Uplift it, youths and maidens, with songs and
loving cheers;
Through triumphs, raptures, it has waved, through
agonies and tears.
Columbia looks from sea to sea and thrills with
joy to know
Her myriad sons, as one, would leap to shield it
from a foe!
And you who soon will be the state, and shape
each great decree,
Oh, vow to live and die for it, if glorious death
must be!
The brave of all the centuries gone this starry
flag have wrought;
In dungeons dim, on gory fields, its light and
peace were bought;
And you who front the future—whose days our
dreams fulfil —
On Liberty's immortal height, oh, plant it firmer
still!

For it floats for broadest learning; for the soul's
supreme release;
For law disdaining license; for righteousness and
peace;
For valor born of justice; and its amplest scope
and plan
Makes a queen of every woman, a king of every
man!
While forever, like Columbus, o'er truth's un-
fathomed main
It pilots to the hidden isles, a grander realm to
gain.

Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest
ever sung,
To keep this banner spotless its kindred stars
among!
Our fleets may throng the oceans — our forts the
headlands crown —
Our mines their treasures lavish for mint and
mart and town —
Rich fields and flocks and busy looms bring
plenty, far and wide —
And statelier temples deck the land than Rome's
or Athens' pride —

And science dare the mysteries of earth and wave
and sky —
Till none with us in splendor and strength and
skill can vie;
Yet, should we reckon liberty and manhood less
than these,
And slight the right of the humblest between our
circling seas —
Should we be false to our sacred past, our fa-
thers' God forgetting,
This banner would lose its lustre, our sun be nigh
his setting!
But the dawn will sooner forget the east, the tides
their ebb and flow,
Than you forget our radiant flag and its match-
less gifts forego!
Nay! you will keep it high-advanced with ever-
brightening sway —
The banner whose light betokens the Lord's
diviner day,
Leading the nations gloriously in freedom's holy
way!
No cloud on the field of azure — no stain on the
rosy bars —
God bless you, youths and maidens, as you guard
the Stripes and Stars!

COLUMBUS DYING

("*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*" Last words of Columbus.)

HARK! do I hear again the roar
  Of the tides by the Indies sweeping down?
Or is it the surge from the viewless shore
  That swells to bear me to my crown?
Life is hollow and cold and drear
  With smiles that darken and hopes that flee;
And, far from its winds that faint and veer,
  I am ready to sail the vaster sea!

Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee best;
  And that scorning peril and toil and pain,
I held my way to the mystic West,
  Glory for Thee and Thy Church to gain.
And Thou didst lead me, only Thou,
  Cheering my heart in cloud and calm,
Till the dawn my glad, victorious prow
  Greeted Thine isles of bloom and balm.

And then, O gracious, glorious Lord,
  I saw Thy face, and all heaven came nigh

And my soul was lost in that rich reward,
  And ravished with hope of the bliss on high.
So, I can meet the sovereign's frown —
  My dear Queen gone — with a large disdain;
For the time will come when his chief renown
  Will be that I sailed from his realm of Spain.

I have found New Lands — a world, maybe,
  Whose splendor will yet the Old outshine;
And life and death are alike to me,
  For earth will honor, and heaven is mine.
Is mine! — What songs of sweet accord!
  What billows that nearer, gentler roll!
Is mine! — Into Thy hands, O Lord,
  Into Thy hands I give my soul!

SA-CÁ-GA-WE-A

(The Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark in their expedition to the Pacific.)

SHO-SHÓ-NE SA-CÁ-GA-WE-A — captive and wife was she
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.
So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,
Stayed their marvellous journey in the land of the Minnetaree
(The Red Men wondering, wary — Omaha, Mandan, Sioux —
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;

Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young
lambs feed below;
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the
fawn and doe.
Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the
willow-tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the
hunter rides the lea;
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided
raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby
nestling there —
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of
the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on
her heart imprest,
Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a led the way to the
West! —
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison
and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and
cougar and wolf prowled near;
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily
and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's
hush and gloom;

By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim —
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's rim;
Through sombre pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,
And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the Sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide —
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide —
There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,
With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,
"Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a, who led the way to the West!"

CITIZENSHIP FOR THE RED MAN

A MIGHTY nation we have built
  Of many a race, remote or kin, —
Briton and Teuton, Slav and Celt,
  All Europe's tribes are wrought therein;
And Asia's children, Afric's hordes,
  Millions the world would crush or flout:
To each some help our rule affords,
  And shall we bar the Red Man out?

The Red Man was the primal lord
  Of our magnificent domain,
And craft, and crime, and wasting sword
  Oft gained us mount and stream and plain.
And shall we still add wrong to wrong?
Is this the largess of the strong —
His need to slight, his faith to doubt,
And thus to bar the Red Man out,
  Though welcoming all other men?
Nay! let us nobly build him in,
Nor rest till "ward" and "alien" win
  The rightful name of citizen!

Then will the "reservation" be
Columbia's breadth from sea to sea,
And Sioux, Apache, and Cheyenne
Merge proudly in American!

THE FORESTS OF THE WHITE HILLS

(Waumbek Methna — Mountains with Snowy Foreheads — the Indian name of the White Hills; Agi'ochook, of Mt. Washington.)

O LONE Waumbek Methna! Who dares to profane
Thy solitudes, sacred to Manitou's reign?
Thy peaks rosy-flushed with the last beam of day,
Or lost in the stars, white and stainless as they?
Thy woods in whose dimness the bright streams
are born,
And the loud winds are lulled till the breaking of
morn?
The sagamore turned from thy borders in dread,
Afraid the high trails of the hill-gods to tread,
Lest in flood, or in flame leaping vengeful, their
ire
Made the black pool his grave, the bleak summit
his pyre.
He saw their weird forms as the clouds floated
past;
He heard their dark words in the wail of the blast;
Their arrows the lightnings, their drumbeats the
thunder

That rolled till the mountains seemed rending
asunder;
And hunter and warrior stole valeward to shun
Agi'ochook lifting his brow to the sun.

What! Pemigewas'set glide pale to his tryst
With Winnepesau'kee — his waning tide kissed
No more by the shadows that droop and entwine
Of the birch and the maple, the beech and the
pine,
The firs whose battalions so slender and tall
Guard the gloom of the gorge and the flash of the
fall?
What! Merrimack's might left to languish and
fail,
While Pennacook's meadows their verdure be-
wail;
While the mill-wheels are moveless, the flying
looms still,
For the proud stream no longer his channels can
fill? —
But, shorn of his forests, bereft of his springs,
Forlorn as an eagle despoiled of its wings,
Now grieving by rapids, now moaning by lea,
Deserted, he creeps to the scorn of the sea!

What! swift Ammonoo'suc, the foam-wreath, the bride
Of lordly Connecticut, faint at his side,
While his lakes, wood-embosomed, and pure as his snows,
Are ravaged, and robbed of their sylvan repose?
What! Saco forsake his loved intervales, spent
Ere the brooks of the lowlands their tributes have sent,
While eastward and westward the gray ledges rise
All treeless and springless confronting the skies,
And Moosil'auk, Pequaw'ket, Chocor'ua, frown,
As sad on the bare river-vales they look down?

By the bounty and grandeur of river and steep,
What the Red Man has hallowed the White Man must keep! —
Must pause with the hill-roving hunter, and ken
The mighty ones guarding the cliff and the glen.
No impious Vandal shall ruthless invade
The temple whose stones were to Manitou laid;
Shall quench the clear springs and leave desert and bare
The slopes and the valleys the gods have made fair!

O peerless New Hampshire! awake from thy dreams!
Save the wealth of thy woodlands, the rush of thy streams,
Thy wild mountain splendor — the torrent, the pine —
Thy groves and thy meadows, thy shade and thy shine!
For, part with the forest, the bright, brimming river,
And thy strength and thy glory will vanish forever,
And in wide desolation and ruin will fall
Great Manitou's vengeance, thy soul to appall! —
Away with this folly, this madness, this shame!
Be true to thy birthright, thy future, thy fame!
And vow, by thy grandeurs of river and steep,
What the Red Man has hallowed the White Man will keep!

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 't was born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 't was fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread:
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize —
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;

And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasselled Corn —
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,

And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

MOOSIL'AUK

Moosil'auk! mountain sagamore! thy brow
The wide hill-splendor circles. Not a peer,
Among New Hampshire's lordly heights that fear
Nor summer's bolt nor winter's blast, hast thou
For grand horizons. Lo, to westward now
Towers Whiteface over Killington; and clear,
To north, Mount Royal cleaves the blue; while near,
Franconia's, Conway's peaks, the east endow
With glory, round great Washington whose cone
Of sunset shade, athwart his valleys thrown,
Darkens and stills a hundred miles of Maine!
To south the bright lake smiles, and rivers flow
Through elm-fringed meadows to the ocean plain;
Lone peak! what realms are thine, above, below!

NA-TAS'-KA [2]

A LEGEND OF LAKE MOHONK

Why does the south wind sigh as it passes Mohonk's lovely water?
Why are the shadows so deep where the cliffs hang over the tide?
Ages ago the shore was the home of the Sagamore's daughter;
Ages to come her story with mountain and lake will abide.
Still, through the lapsing years, the winds and the shadows have sought her,
Sighing and falling for ever for lover and bride.

WHERE Shawangunk's [1] rampart meets the skies,
Cool in its broad embrasure lies
The fairest lake the hills enfold —
Crystal Mohonk, whose warders bold
Challenge the winds, and answer loud
When thunders roll from cloud to cloud.
The Red Man loved its sparkling tide,
Its crags, its woods, its valleys wide,
And on its sunny marge, of yore,
Dwelt the high-hearted Sagamore
Who ruled from mount to river shore,

[1] Pronounced *shong'gum*.

But now, for many a restless day,
Had bent beneath the Mohawk's sway,
And tribute paid for cliff and strand
To chiefs of Ononda'ga's band.

Of all the ills her sire had known
Little his sheltering care had shown
His young Natas'ka — rarest maid
That ever roamed in Shawangunk's glade.
How blithe she was! how light and free
Her footsteps over hill and lea!
Her velvet cheek, her smiling eyes,
Her lustrous hair whose soft disguise
Her dimpled shoulders fell adown,
Her rounded arms so rosy brown,
The fawn-skin tunic's careless grace,
The girdle thick with wampum strewn,
The shining beads that, lace on lace,
About her shapely throat were thrown,
The moccasins with broidery fine
Her fingers wrought beneath the pine —
From Shawangunk mountains to the sea
No other maid was rare as she.

And had she lovers? Aye, her name
Thrilled many a youth of forest fame

Who heaped his gifts and sued her sire
With eager words and heart of fire;
But one and all he answered still,
"The maid shall wed the man she will!"
For pleased he knew his faith was plight
To Wis'sewa of lineage bright,
Who proudly wore by crag and lea
The wolf-badge of the Len'a-pe;
To Wis'sewa the valorous,
Peer of the chiefs of Esopus,
And worthy, joyful days or dire,
To share Wawas'sing's council-fire;
To Wis'sewa whose tender gaze
As in the mead she plucked the maize
That golden morn he gayly bore
Good tidings to the Sagamore,
Entranced her heart, unmoved before.
"Welcome!" her gracious sire had said,
And to the fur-strewn couch had led;
The while she brought their highland cheer —
Their trout, their samp, their venison —
And when the simple meal was done,
And tidings told, delayed to hear
Of wars, and hunts, and phantom deer
Fleet as the wind, with antlers wide,
By wanderers on the hills descried;

And stolen glance and mantling cheek
Revealed the charm they could not speak.
And when beside the spring they met
And vowed to love and love for ever,
Within her necklace-beads he set
His treasured, magic amulet
Wrought by the gods of ruddy ore
On the Great Lake's mysterious shore,
That naught their wedded lives might sever.
Then — with the honored, ancient ways
Befitting chiefs and bridal days
Observed — the Sagamore decreed
When trees should bud and brooks be freed,
With feast and train the maid should go
To glad his lodge the hills below.

Alas! an alien eye has seen
Natas'ka in her forest sheen! —
Bold Tagonwe'ta from the river
Where the fierce Mohawk fills his quiver
Has marked the maid and swiftly sped
This darling of the woods to wed;
Nor brooked he rite, nor form's delay,
Bent but to win and haste away.
Renowned in hunt and war was he,
And versed in woodland gallantry:

His beaver robe, his broidered vest,
The bear emblazoned on his breast,
His locks with eagle feathers crowned,
The wampum-belt his waist that bound,
His regal port, his manly form,
Were fit a maiden's heart to warm.
And pipes of carven stone he brought,
And richest furs through perils sought
In lonely wastes and northern snows,
Quivers of otter skin, and bowls
Painted with potent, mystic scrolls;
All at her father's feet he throws —
He who denial ne'er had known —
And asks Natas'ka for his own.

"Brave Mohawk," said the Sagamore,
"Thy words would open many a door,
But I have said, and say it still,
The maid shall wed the man she will;
And now my faith for her is plight
To Wis'sewa of lineage bright
Who proudly wears by crag and lea
The wolf-badge of the Len'-a-pe;
Our tribes are kindred, and their sway
Was mightier once than thine to-day.

Seek in thy vales thy heart's desire —
The maid to tend thy wigwam fire —
Natas′ka cannot be thy bride."

"Vain boaster!" fierce the Mohawk cried,
"Shall Tagonwe′ta be denied?
Shall thus a vassal chieftain dare?
Let the base Len′-a-pe beware! —
The sun will sooner leave the sky,
The river northward flow, than I
My purpose lose! for, mark me well,
Natas′ka in *my* lodge shall dwell!
Ye hear my words." That instant fell
A gloom of clouds o'er lake and wood; —
And, turning quickly where he stood,
Scorn on his lips, his brow a frown,
The Mohawk strode the mountain down,
And vanished, like a shadow fled,
Where the slight pathway valeward led.

"Begone, bold robber!" said her sire,
"And let the north wind cool thine ire.
Thy words are hawks. The dove shall fly
Beyond their swoop to safer sky.
Natas′ka, thou hast naught to fear!"
And forth he fared to chase the deer.

Now fell the snows; the brooks were still;
The hunters housed by plain and hill;
But in her wigwam's fold, the maid,
Her robes to deck, her mats to braid,
Forgot the lodges by the river
Where the fierce Mohawk filled his quiver,
And let her fancy wander free
To Wis'sewa the Len'-a-pe,
Sure that his talisman had power
To shield her in an evil hour.
Thrice the new moon o'er Shawangunk hung,
Then March winds roared the woods among,
And April's sunny, showery weather
Woke bird and brook and tree together.
To-morrow, at the break of day,
Natas'ka takes her westward way,
And all the forest pomp with her
Of gift and guard and servitor.

Content, yet fain to keep the hills,
Before the evening dew distils,
Or the low sun the vale bereaves,
Unseen the merry camp she leaves
And climbs the steep to view once more
The crags, the lake, the lovely shore;

While down the vale the day declines
And crimsons all the mountain shrines.
Wistful she stands above the brink
And marks a fawn that stoops to drink,
And a lone eagle circling high
Where the huge cliffs uphold the sky,
And north, upon the horizon's rim,
Greets the great ranges, blue and dim,
That bar her father from his foes;
Then — wondering what the years will prove
Borne from this scene of childhood's love
Where sweet is every breeze that blows —
To all the gods of earth and air
She breathes a fervent, maiden prayer;
And the wind died; the vale was still;
And twilight hung o'er lake and hill.

"Natas'ka!" said a voice so near
It smote her heart with chilling fear;
And all the joy within her dies
To see the dreaded Mohawk rise
From the dusk wood and front her thus,
Defiant, stern, victorious.
"Natas'ka! sire nor Powers Divine
Can aught avail, for thou art mine!

Long have I watched; my warriors wait
To guard thee to the river-gate,
And thence our light canoes will fly
Up where the Mohawk meadows lie.
The base-born, coward Len'-a-pe
'T were shame to mate with maid like thee!"

A step, and he is at her side, —
But, swift as fawn, afar she springs,
And where the pathway closest clings
To the sheer edge, she holds her way,
Pursued as hawk pursues its prey!
Woe to the magic amulet
Her lover in her necklace set!
Where was the hill-god's kindly care?
Why failed the powers of wave and air
Her frantic homeward flight to guide?
A riven, treacherous rock she pressed
Crashed downward to the lake's clear breast
And plunged the maid, to-morrow's bride,
Full deep beneath the whelming tide! —
Madly the Mohawk followed her,
Dropping from crag to cleft and spur;
But when he gained the startled shore
No trace the rippling waters bore,

Nor sight nor sound in cove or glade,
Save the wild moan the night wind made,
Natas'ka's hapless fate betrayed!
And rent with bitterest rage and pain,
Baffled, and powerless to deliver,
To the dusk wood he turned again
And sought, with stealthy steps, the river.

I love to think athwart the wave
She swam to find some hidden cave,
Some secret bower whence glad she stole
To meet the sachem of her soul;
I know not — but the legend's bride
Sleeps, evermore, beneath the tide!

— And yet, they say, in balmy eves
Above the brink the maiden stands,
And, silent, while the south wind grieves,
Lifts to the sky imploring hands;
And then her bold, relentless lover
Leaps toward her from the laurel cover,
And proud salute and sharp recall
Echo along the mountain wall;
But, should you near them, man and maid
Grow faintest shadows in the shade,

And down the lake pursuit and cry
Blend with the wandering zephyr's sigh.

Gone are the sagamores of old;
Their heights and valleys strangers hold;
And blue-eyed girls with sunny locks
Roam the shy glades or climb the rocks,
And list to lovers' vows, and dream
Of bridal morns, by cliff and stream.
But while Mohonk spreads crystal-fair
And Shawangunk lifts its crags in air,
While laurels flush and sunsets flame,
The waves will speak Natas'ka's name.

THE WAYSIDE INN

(Sudbury, Massachusetts.)

SET by the meadows, with great oaks to guard,
Huge as their kin for Sherwood's outlaw grew,
Oaks that the Indian's bow and wigwam knew
And by whose branches yet the sky is barred, —
Lightning, nor flame, nor whirlwind evil-starred
Disturbed its calm; but, lapsing centuries through,
Peace kept its doors though war's wild trumpets blew;
And still it stands beside its oaks, unscarred.

Ah, happy hostelry, that Washington
And Lafayette among its guests can number,
With many a squire and dame of old renown! —
Happiest that from the Poet it has won
Tales that will ever keep its fame from slumber,
Songs that will echo sweet the ages down!

THE HILLS ARE HOME

(For New Hampshire's first "Old Home Week," August, 1899.)

FORGET New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,
With love and pride where'er we bide, the Hills, the Hills are Home!
On Mississippi or by Nile, Ohio, Volga, Rhine,
We see our cloud-born Merrimack adown its valley shine;
And Contoo'cook — Singing Water — Monadnock's drifts have fed,
With lilt and rhyme and fall and chime flash o'er its pebbly bed;
And by Como's wave, yet fairer still, our Winnepesau'kee spread.

Alp nor Sierra, nor the chains of India or Peru,
Can dwarf for us the white-robed heights our wondering childhood knew —

The awful Notch, and the Great Stone Face, and
the Lake where the echoes fly,
And the sovereign dome of Washington throned
in the eastern sky; —
For from Colorado's Snowy Range to the crest of
the Pyrenees
New Hampshire's mountains grandest lift their
peaks in the airy seas,
And the winds of half the world are theirs across
the main and the leas.

Yet far beyond her hills and streams New Hamp-
shire dear we hold:
A thousand tender memories our glowing hearts
enfold;
For in dreams we see the early home by the elms
or the maples tall,
The orchard-trees where the robins built, and the
well by the garden wall;
The lilacs and the apple-blooms make paradise
of May,
And up from the clover-meadows floats the
breath of the new-mown hay;
And the Sabbath bells, as the light breeze swells,
ring clear and die away.

And oh, the Lost Ones live again in love's immortal year!
We are children still by the hearth-fire's blaze while night steals cold and drear;
Our mother's fond caress we win, our father's smile of pride,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep" say, reverent, at their side.
Alas! alas! their graves are green, or white with a pall of snow,
But we see them yet by the evening hearth as in the long ago,
And the quiet churchyard where they rest is the holiest spot we know.

Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget to greet the sun;
Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals their breakers shun;
But fervently, while life shall last, though wide our ways decline,
Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will turn as to a shrine!
Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,

By all her hallowed memories — our lode-star
while we roam —
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills, the Hills
are Home!

WELCOME

(Sung at the Saengerfest of 1902, held in Peoria, Illinois, and dedicated to the Saengerbund of the Northwest.)

Welcome, O Brothers, joy and cheer!
Your ancient race and ours were one;
Freedom and song to them were dear
Where Rhine and Elbe seaward run;
And here, beneath this Western sky
If foes assail, your valiant cry
Will ring, as by the German strand:
"Forward, with God, for Fatherland!"

One are our hopes, our aims, our needs;
One force the gage of battle flings;
We thrill with Hermann's mighty deeds;
We glow with songs that Körner sings;
And know, beneath this Western sky
If foes assail, your valiant cry
Will ring, as by the German strand:
"Forward, with God, for Fatherland!"

Ah! Freedom, room for hand and brain,
Full manhood, justice, love divine —

These make the patriot's dear domain
By Mississippi or by Rhine!
And so, beneath this Western sky
If foes assail, your valiant cry
Will ring, as by the German strand:
"Forward, with God, for Fatherland!"

Hail to the land so great and free —
Your land and ours to guard and prize!
With one accord, from sea to sea,
Let joyful songs and anthems rise!
Oh, heart to heart and eye to eye,
If foes assail, your valiant cry
Will ring, as by the German strand:
"Forward, with God, for Fatherland!"

THE CAPTIVE'S HYMN[3]

(Carlisle, Pa., Dec. 31, 1764.)

THE Indian war was over,
And Pennsylvania's towns
Welcomed the blessed calm that comes
When peace a conflict crowns.
Bitter and long had been the strife,
But gallant Colonel Bouquet
Had forced the foe to sue for grace,
And named the joyful day
When Shawnees, Tuscara'was,
Miamis, Delawares,
And every band that roved the land
And called a captive theirs —
From the pathless depths of the forest,
By stream and dark defile,
Should bring their prisoners, on their lives,
In safety to Carlisle;
Carlisle in the Cumberland valley,
Where Conodogwin'net flows,
And the guardian ranges, north and south,
In mountain pride repose.

Like the wind the Colonel's order
To hamlet and clearing flew;
And mourning mothers and wives and sons
From banks where Delaware seaward runs,
From Erie's wave, and Ohio's tide,
And the vales where the southern hills divide,
Flocked to the town, perchance to view,
At last, 'mid the crowds by the startled square,
The faces lost, but in memory fair.

How strange the scene on the village green
That morning cold and gray!
To right the Indian tents were set,
And in groups the dusky warriors met,
While their captives clung to the captors yet,
As wild and bronzed as they —
In rags and skins, with moccasined feet,
Some loath to part, some fain to greet
The friends of a vanished day;
And, eagerly watching the tents, to left
Stood mothers and sons and wives bereft,
While, beyond, were the throngs from hill and valley,
And, waiting the keen-eyed Colonel's rally,
The troops in their brave array.

Now friends and captives mingle,
And cries of joy or woe
Thrill the broad street as loved ones meet,
Or in vain the tale of the past repeat,
And back in anguish go.
Among them lingered a widow —
From the Suabian land was she —
And one fell morning she had lost
Husband and children three,
All slain save the young Regina,
A captive spared to be.
Nine weary years had followed,
But the wilderness was dumb,
And never a word to her aching heart
Through friend or foe had come,
And now, from Tulpehocken,
Full seventy miles away,
She had walked to seek her daughter,
The Lord her only stay.

She scanned the sun-browned maidens;
But the tunic's rude disguise,
The savage tongue, the forest ways,
Baffled and mocked her yearning gaze,
And with sobs and streaming eyes

She turned to the Colonel and told him
How hopeless was her quest —
Moaning, "Alas, Regina!
The grave for me is best!"
"Nay, Madam," gently he replied,
"Don't be disheartened yet, but bide,
And try some other test.
What pleasant song or story
Did she love from your lips to hear?"
"O Sir, I taught her 'Our Father;'
And the 'Creed' we hold so dear,
And she said them over and over
While I was spinning near;
And every eve, by her little bed,
When the light was growing dim,
I sung her to sleep, my darling!
With Schmolke's beautiful hymn."
"Then sing it *now*," said the Colonel,
And close to the captive band
He brought the mother with her hymn
From the far Suabian land;
And with faltering voice and quivering lips,
While all was hushed, she sung
The strain of lofty faith and cheer
In her rich German tongue:

"Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein,"
(How near the listeners press!)
Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though all may deem my days go by
In utter dreariness;
The Lord is still my company,
I am with Him, and He with me,
The solitude to bless.

He speaks to me within His word
As if His very voice I heard,
And when I pray, apart,
He meets me in the quiet there
With counsel for each cross and care,
And comfort for my heart.

The world may say my life is lone,
With every joy and blessing flown
Its vision can descry;
I shall not sorrow nor repine,
For glorious company is mine
With God and angels nigh.

As she sung, a maid of the captives
Threw back her tangled hair,

And forward leaned as if to list
The lightest murmur there;
Her breath came fast, her brown cheek flushed,
Her eyes grew bright and wide
As if some spell the song had cast,
And, ere the low notes died,
With a bound like a deer in the forest
She sprang to the singer's side,
And, "Liebe, kleine Mutter!"
Enfolding her, she cried —
"My dear, dear, little Mother!" —
Then swift before her knelt
As in the long, long buried days
When by the wood they dwelt;
And, "Vater unser, der du bist
Im Himmel," chanted she,
The sweet "Our Father" she had learned
Beside that mother's knee;
And then the grand "Apostles' Creed"
That in her heart had lain:
"Ich glaube an Gott den Vater,"
Like a child she said again —
"I believe in God the Father" —
Down to the blest "Amen."

Stooping and clasping the maiden
Whose soul the song had freed,
"Now God be praised!" said the mother,
"This is my child indeed! —
My own, my darling Regina,
Come back in my sorest need,
For she knows the Hymn, and 'Our Father,'
And the holy 'Apostles' Creed'!"
Then, while the throng was silent,
And the Colonel bowed his head,
With tears and glad thanksgivings
Her daughter forth she led;
And the sky was lit with sunshine,
And the cold earth caught its smile
For the mother and ransomed maiden,
That morning in Carlisle.

OUR COUNTRY

Our Country! whose eagle exults as he flies
In the splendor of noonday broad-breasting the skies,
That from ocean to ocean the Land overblown
By the winds and the shadows is Liberty's own —
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! bright region of plenty and peace,
Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
Where Manhood is king, and the stars as they roll
Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul, —
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds, and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! whose story the angels record —
Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord
When men shall be brothers, and love, like the sun,
Illumine the earth till the nations are one —
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

CROWNING VERMONT

(For the "Brooklyn (N. Y.) Society of Vermonters," Jan. 17, 1899.)

How shall we crown Vermont? With the beauty
and balm of her mountains?
The wealth of her fields of clover, her quarries,
and flocks, and corn?
The charm of her towns, hill-guarded, or set by
Champlain's clear fountains,
Or Connecticut, fairest river, that winds
through the meads of morn?

Nay! for the fame of her sons is more than her
quarries and clover;
Strength of the hills is theirs, like her Allen of
bravest mould
Who seized Ticonderoga in the name of the great
Jehovah
And the Continental Congress — bold as the
right is bold.

Strength of the hills is hers; aye, and the strength
of the waters!
Proud she points to her Dewey that morn in
Manila Bay;
Happy the hearts and homes of her patriot sons
and daughters —
With the might of the hills and the seas we will
crown her to-day!

MAIZE IN NORWAY

By an inn of wildest Norway —
A dark fiord below,
And the peaks of the Norska-field, above,
In a waste of gleaming snow;
And between the sombre fir-trees,
The mead where the kine fed free,
And a mountain torrent leaping down
To be lost in the Maelstrom sea —
There, in a narrow garden,
One breezy August morn,
I saw, beside its hardy flowers,
A cluster of Indian Corn!

And I said to blue-eyed Lena
With braided flaxen hair,
The child of the inn who had brought me forth
To see her small parterre,
"Your land lies far to the frozen north,
And a day your summer spans;
Why do you plant the tropic Maize
When frost the harvest bans?

Barley and oats and rye you may reap
Ere yet the snows fall cold,
But the stately Maize, the grain of the sun,
Will never yield its gold."

"'T is true," the maiden answered,
"That frost our harvest bans,
But we plant the beautiful, waving Maize
To please the Americans!
They smile when they see its shining leaves,
And say, on their boundless plains
It grows like a forest, rich and tall,
In the warmth and the mellow rains;
And the bins are filled with its blessed gold
Before the bright year wanes."

"O child," I said, "you have planted well!"
And I thought, that August morn,
As I looked at peak and stream and tree,
The dark fiord and the grassy lea,
There was naught so fair on shore or sea
As that cluster of waving Corn.

STAR ISLAND CHURCH

(Isles of Shoals.)

Gray as the fog-wreaths over it blown
When the surf beats high and the caves make
moan,
Stained with lichens and stormy weather,
The church and the scarred rocks rise together;
And you scarce may tell, if a shadow falls,
Which are the ledges and which the walls.

By the sombre tower, when daylight dies,
And dim as a cloud the horizon lies,
I love to linger and watch the sails
Turn to the harbor with freshening gales,
Till yacht and dory and coaster bold
Are moored as safe as a flock in fold.

White Island lifts its ruddy shine
High and clear o'er the weltering brine,
And Boone and Portsmouth and far Cape Ann
Flame the dusk of the deep to span;

And the only sounds by the tower that be
Are the wail of the wind and the wash of the sea.

Gray as the fog-wreaths over it blown
When the surf beats high and the caves make
moan,
Stained with lichens and stormy weather,
The church and the scarred rocks rise together;
And you scarce may tell, if a shadow falls,
Which are the ledges and which the walls.

MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON[4]

(Read at the Meeting in the Old South Meeting House, Boston, October 26, 1889.)

CHILDREN of fair St. Botolph's town,
Boston, set by the northern sea,
Listen! Where warmer skies look down
On Fredericksburg with its sad renown,
And Rappahannock broad and brown,—
In a lonely grave by the grassy lea
Has slept, while a hundred years have run,
Mary, Mother of Washington.

Sacred her slumber! dust so dear —
So close to the nation's heart the shrine —
When battle raged in that awful year,
And shot and shell flew far and near,
"Fire away from the sleeper here!"
Rang all along the serried line;
And for her was peace, disturbed by none —
Mary, Mother of Washington.

Alas, alas! that hallowed place,
Long marked alone by a cedar tree,

Shows now but crumbling stones whose face
Bears not even the faintest trace
Of the name of her God granted grace
To give us him who made us free!
Yet deathless she with her deathless son —
Mary, Mother of Washington.

And shall we leave the dew and the rain
To deck the spot where her ashes lie,
With the creeping grass and the flowery train
That to wreathe the mound with bloom are fain,
While the west wind sings a mournful strain,
And the birds, lamenting, warble nigh?
Nay! for her honor our hearts are one! —
Let us crown her grave, the river by,
With a column to stand eternally
And say to earth, and to star and sun:
Mary, Mother of Washington!

THE SONG OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE

(The Pueblo Indians of the Southwest.)

We are the Ancient People;
  Our father is the Sun;
Our mother, the Earth, where the mountains
    tower
  And the rivers seaward run;
The stars are the children of the sky,
  The Red Men, of the plain;
And ages over us both had rolled
  Before you crossed the main; —
For we are the Ancient People,
  Born with the wind and rain.

And ours is the ancient wisdom,[5]
  The lore of Earth and cloud: —
We know what the awful lightnings mean,
Wi'-lo-lo-a-ne with arrows keen,
  And the thunder crashing loud; —
And why with his glorious, burning shield
  His face the Sun-God[6] hides,
As, glad from the east, while night recedes,

Over the Path of Day he speeds
To his home in the ocean tides;
For the Deathless One at eve must die,
To flame anew in the nether sky, —
Must die, to mount when the Morning Star,
First of his warrior-host afar,
Bold at the dawning rides!
And we carry our new-born children forth [7]
His earliest beams to face,
And pray he will make them strong and brave
As he looks from his shining place, —
Wise in council and firm in war,
And fleet as the wind in the chase; —
And why the Moon, the Mother of Souls,
On summer nights serene,
Fair from the azure vault of heaven
To Earth will fondly lean,
While her sister laughs from the tranquil lake,
Soft-robed in rippling sheen;
For the Moon is the bride of the glowing Sun,
But the Goddess of Love is she
Who beckons and smiles from the placid depths
Of the lake and the shell-strown sea; —
Why the Rainbow, A′-mi-to-lan-ne,[8]
From the Medicine lilies drew

Orange and rose and violet
Before the fall of the dew, —
The dews that guard the Corn-maids,[9]
And the fields keep fair to view;
But the Rainbow is false and cruel,
For it ends the gentle showers,
And the opening leaves and the tender buds
Like the ruthless worm devours,
And still its stolen tints are won
From the blanching, withering flowers;
The Morning Star, the Sun, and the Moon —
Ya′-o-na, Ya-to-k′-ya, and Mo′-ya-tchun —
Bring bounty and love and life,
But the Bow of the Skies and the Lightning
With famine and death are rife,
And we paint their forms on our arrow-shafts
And our shields, when battle lowers: —
We know what the breeze to the pine-tree sings,
And the brook to the meadow fair,
And the eagle screams to the plunging streams
Where the cliffs are cold and bare, —
The eagle, bird of the Whirlwind-God,[10]
Lone-wheeling through the air;
And we can charm the serpent's tooth,
And wile the wolf from his den,[11]

For the beasts have told us their secrets
  Close-kept from other men, —
The mighty beasts that rove the hills,
  Or lurk in cave and fen:
The bear in his gloomy cañon;
  High 'mid the crags, the sheep;
The antelope, whose endless files
O'er the far mesa's rocky isles
  Their silent marches keep;
The lordly bison with his herds;
  Coyote swift and sly;
The badger in his earthy house
  Where warm the sunbeams lie;
The savage mountain lion
  With his deadly roar and leap: —
And, when the serpent has sought his lair
  And the thunder peal is still,
We know why the down of the Northland drifts
  O'er wood and waste and hill;
And how the light-winged butterflies
  To the brown fields summer bear,
And the balmy breath of the Corn-maids floats
  In June's enchanted air;
And when to pluck the Medicine flowers
  On the brow of the mountain peak,

The lilies of Te′-na-tsa-li,[12]
That brighten the faded cheek,
And heal the wounds of the warrior
And the hunter worn and weak;
And where in the hills the crystal stones
And the turquoise blue to seek;
And how to plant the earliest maize,[13]
Sprinkling the sacred meal,
And setting our prayer-plumes [14] in the midst
As full to the east we kneel,[15] —
The plumes whose life shall waft our wish
To the heights the skies conceal;
Nay, when the stalks are parched on the plain
And the deepest springs are dry,
And the Water-God, the jewelled toad,[16]
Is lost to every eye,
With song and dance and voice of flutes
That soothe the Regions Seven,
We can call the blessed summer showers
Down from the listening heaven!
For ours is the lore of a dateless past,
And we have power thereby, —
Power which our vanished fathers sought
Through toil and watch and pain,

Till the spirits of wood and wave and air
To grant us help were fain;
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain.

And, year by year, when the mellow moons
Beam over the mountain wall,
Or the hearths are bright with the piñon fires
And the wild winds rise and fall,
Our precious things to their shrines are brought
That the tribes may be brave and strong;
And round our altars with mystic rite,
Vigil and fast and song's delight,
And measured dance we throng, —
The dance and prayers of the A′-ka-ka[17]
That peace and joy prolong.
Of the Wood-Gods' flesh these altars
To the Great Six Realms we frame: —
For the North, of the Pine, whose yellow heart
Nor blasts nor snows can tame;
For the West, of the Willow, whose leaves are blue
As they toss in the breeze at morn;
For the South, of the Cedar, ruddy-hued,
From whose bark the flame is born;

For the East, of the Poplar, downy-white
In the dawn of the gladsome year;
For the Realm Above, of the Juniper,
That climbs to the summits clear;
And of Laurel Root, for the Realm Below,
Deep-hid in the cañons drear; —
Frame that the Beings Beloved may come
And their forms and thoughts reveal;
For naught, from the heart through vigils pure,
Will the Mighty Ones conceal.
Our richest robes and brightest hues
For the watching sky we wear,
With necklace-beads and eagle-plumes
Above our flowing hair,
And yellow pollen over us blown,
Good-will from the Gods to bear;
And with symbols of the lightning,
The winds, the clouds, the rain, —
Crosses, terraces, slanting bars,[18] —
We deck our blankets and our jars
Their favor to constrain;
And we weave for priest and priestess
The sash and mantle white,
Broidered with many a magic thread
To give these Gods delight,

And save our cherished homes from harm
And our fields from flood and blight.
And tales we tell by the evening flame
Of how the Earth was made,
And the tribes came up from the Under-world
To people plain and glade, —
Tales that will echo round our hearths
Till the last glow shall fade;
And of the two immortal youths,
Twin children of the Sun,[19]
Who eastward led their faltering bands
To find where morn begun, —
To gain the stable, midmost lands,
And the trembling borders shun;
And of Po′-shai-ank′-ya, the master,[20]
Whose help we never lose,
Who bade us turn from hate and guile
And ever the noblest choose,
And said that whoso smites a man
His own heart doth bruise.
Of Earth and the Gods he taught us, —
How slope and plain to till,
And the streams that fall from the mountain snows
To turn and store at will;

And how to trace the glorious Sun
North and south to his goal;
And straight, when the body's life is done,
Set free the prisoned soul!
His voice was sweet as the summer wind,
But his robe was poor and old,
And, scorned of men, he journeyed far
To the city the mists enfold, —
Far to the land where his treasured lore
And secret rites were told;
And there with a chosen few he dwelt
And made their darkness day,
Till lo! while his words yet thrilled their hearts,
Unseen, as the summer wind departs,
He vanished in mist away! —
Passed to the splendor of the Sun,
He, the divine, the gracious one,
To hear our prayers for aye!
And still our holy fires we keep,
And the sacred meal we strow,
With many a prayer to the Gods of the air
And the Gods that dwell below, —
The Gods of the Great Six Regions:
The yellow, dreadful North;

The West, with the blue of sea and sky;
The ruddy South, where the corals lie
And the fragrant winds go forth;
The pure white East, whose virgin dawns
Lead up the conquering Sun,
While stars grow pale and shadows fail,
For the shrouding night is done;
The Over-world, where all the hues
In radiant beauty shine;
The Under-world, more black and drear
Than the gloom of the deepest mine;
And the Middle Realm, where the Mother reigns
And binds them all in one; —
Prayers in the words our fathers knew,
And prayers that voiceless steal
To the Holder of the Trails of Life
And thought to thought reveal!
For the clamorous cry unheard will die,
While, swift as light, ascends on high
The silent heart's appeal.
And we offer the pledge of sacrifice
To lull the earthquake's wrath,
And hush the roar of the whirlwind
Abroad on his furious path, —

Turquoise blue, and ocean-shells,
And the soothing, spicy scent that dwells
In the rare tobacco leaves, [21]
And macaw-plumes to guard from ill
And bring us store of sheaves;
Nay, in the time when thunders pealed
And Earth swung to and fro,
Our dearest maids to the angry Gods
With fervent heart would go,
That the perfect gift of a stainless life
Might still the vengeful throe; —
For our fathers were wise and pure of breath,
The breath that is soul the word beneath,
And all their ways we know.
And when at last the shadow falls
And the sleep no thunders wake,
By the dead a vase of water clear [22]
For the parted soul we break,
Giving the life again to the Sun
Through Ka-thlu-el′-lon's Lake;[23]
And, facing the east, the body lay
In our mother Earth to rest,
Where dews may fall and dawns may gleam
And purple and crimson radiance stream
When day is low in the west;

And plumes of the birds of summer-land,
Freighted with many a prayer,
We bring to help the spirit's way
In the pathless depths of air.
But we do not fear that silent flight,
Nor the slumber lone and chill,
For the Home of the Dead has song and love,
And they wander where they will;
And morn and eve, by hearth and wood,
We see their faces still.
Thus, day and night, and night and day,
Our rites the Gods enchain,
And bring us peace no others win
Of all their earthly train;
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain.

And yet — and yet — on the mesa top
As we sit when the sun is low,
And, far to west, Francisco's peaks [24]
Blaze in his parting glow, —
While plain, and rock, and cedar-steep
Fade slow from rose to gray,
And the sand-clouds, blown by the flying wind,
Like demons chase the day;

And the fires of the wandering meteors gleam,
  And the dire mirage looms far
To beckon us hence to the nameless land
  Where our Lost Others are;
And, weird as the wail by the Spirit Lake
  Bewildered hunters know,
The cry of the owl comes mournful up
  From the dusky glen below, —
That boding cry when death is nigh
  And days that are dim with woe; —
Sit, and think that but ruins mark
  The realm that erst was ours,
The countless cities wrapped in dust
  Which once were stately powers,
And that over our race, as over the plain,
  The gathering darkness lowers;
And see how great from the Sunrise-Land
  You come with every boon,
We know that ours is the waning,
  And yours is the waxing moon!
Know that our grief and yearning prayers,
  As reeds in the blast, are vain,
And with arrows of keenest anguish
  Our tortured hearts are slain;
For we are the Ancient People,
  Born with the wind and rain!

But the same Earth spreads for us and you,
And death for both is one;
Why should we not be brothers true
Before our day is done?
You are many and great and strong;
We, only a remnant weak;
Our heralds call at sunset still,[25]
Yet ah, how few on plain or hill
The evening councils seek!
And words are dead and lips are dumb
Our hopeless woe to speak.
For the fires grow cold, and the dances fail,
And the songs in their echoes die;
And what have we left but the graves beneath,
And, above, the waiting sky? —
Our fathers sought these frowning cliffs
To rid them of their foes,
And thrice and more, on the mesa floor,
Our terraced towns uprose;
But when the stress of war was past,
To the lowlands glad we went,
For the plain — the plain is our domain,
The home of our hearts' content;
And here, O brothers, let us dwell
And find at last repose,

By towering Ta-ai-yal′-lo-ne,[26]
And the river that westward goes!
For the roads were long and rough we trod
To our fields of clustering corn,
And our women grew old ere youth was spent,
As wearily, night and morn,
They climbed the steep with the earthen jars,
Slow-filled, to the very brim,
From the trickling springs at the mesa foot[27]
In the willow thickets dim.
Time was when seen from the loftiest peak
The realm was all our own,
And only the words of the A′-shi-wi[28]
To the four winds were known; —
Ours were the veins of silver;
The rivers' bounteous flow
Filling the maze of our water-ways
From the heights to the vales below;
The plains outspreading to the sky,
The crags, the cañon's gloom,
The cedar shades, the piñon groves,
The mountain meadow's bloom;[29]
Nay, even the very Sun was ours,
Above us circling slow!
And now — and now — from the lowest hill
Your pastures we descry;

Your speech is borne on every breeze
That blows the mesas by;
Our deep canals are furrows faint
On the wide and desert plain;
Of the grandeur of our temple-walls
But mounds of earth remain,
And over our altars and our graves
Your towns rise proud and high!
The bison is gone, and the antelope
And the mountain sheep will follow,
And all our lands your restless bands
Will search from height to hollow;
And the world we knew and the life we lived
Will pass as the shadows fly
When the morning wind blows fresh and free
And daylight floods the sky.
Alas for us who once were lords
Of stream and peak and plain!—
By ages done, by Star and Sun,
We will not brook disdain!
No! though your strength were thousandfold
From farthest main to main;
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain!

OTHER POEMS

That Other Land, that Other Land
Whose seas roll softly by our strand!
What suns will shine, what winds will blow
Beyond its border, who may know?
Yet naught is alien, sea nor sun,
Since God in all his worlds is one.

IMMORTAL BEAUTY

Beneath October's paling sun how fair
The wild-wood flowers in harvest beauty wait!
The brier-rose berries hang in coral state;
The goldenrods their soft gray plumelets wear;
Clusters of down the meek immortelles bear;
The asters, bright with purple bloom so late,
To feathery stars have turned at touch of fate;
And all are winged and waiting for the air.

Immortal Beauty! gold and purple still
Glow in each seed the south wind wafts away,
That glade and bank and lonely nook and hill
Through summer suns may shine in rich array:
Not June's red rose the heart with joy can thrill
Like these winged florets, this October day.

GAINING WINGS

A TWIG where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more;"
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm —
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings:
'T is stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

THE MORNING STAR

(John Greenleaf Whittier died at dawn, September 7, 1892.)

"How long and weary are the nights," he said,
"When thought and memory wake, and sleep
has fled;
When phantoms from the past the chamber fill,
And tones, long silent, all my pulses thrill;
While, sharp as doom, or faint in distant towers,
Knell answering knell, the chimes repeat the
hours,
And wandering wind and waning moon have lent
Their sighs and shadows to the heart's lament.
Then, from my pillow looking east, I wait
The dawn, and life and joy come back, elate,
When, fair above the seaward hill afar,
Flames the lone splendor of the morning star."

O Vanished One! O loving, glowing heart!
When the last evening darkened round thy room,
Thou didst not with the setting moon depart;
Nor take thy way in midnight's hush and gloom;

Nor let the wandering wind thy comrade be,
Outsailing on the dim, unsounded sea —
The silent sea where falls the muffled oar,
And they who cross the strand return no more;
But thou didst wait, celestial deeps to try,
Till dawn's first rose had flushed the paling sky,
And pass, serene, to life and joy afar,
Companioned by the bright and morning star!

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

O THAT immortal day of June
When the sky and the pine-crowned hill were one,
As I played through the long, bright afternoon,
Alone with the wind and the westering sun!
And when he sank, o'er the neighbor ridge,
In a blaze of crimson lit with gold,
The clouds were angels floating to me
Across that rosy, radiant sea,
And all was glory and mystery
In the heaven of heavens his set unrolled;—

And O that Indian Summer morn
When all the sighing winds were still,
And the bay of hounds and the lilt of horn
Came up from the hollow beneath the hill!
Rich and clear from the rocky glens
As they followed the flying fox to the west;
Mellow and faint and dying away
Beyond the wood and the upland gray,

In the hazy, slumberous sky that lay
Over Monadnock's lordly crest;—

And that night when the snows the storm had flung
Rose, drift on drift, to the burdened eaves;
And the waning moon in the orient hung,
And the wind went by like a soul that grieves;
And, wide to north, the banners waved
Of aurora's flitting, spectral host —
Their flaming lances flashing keen
The ranks of the paling stars between,
While sky and snow, with the ruddy sheen,
Glowed till in dim, bleak dawn 't was lost;—

October's morn — the skies alight —
Live still in the vision memory brings;
Again the cloud is an angel's flight,
And echo a fairy that hides and sings;
Again the wind of June blows sweet,
And heaven looks out in the setting sun;—
Ah! never the later world can bring
Such joy to the soul far journeying,
As the bannered host and the angel's wing
Of the days when earth and sky were one!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(May 25, 1903.)

Monadnock calls the winds from peak to sea —
The clarion north wind and the full-choired
west —
And bids the streams their cliff-born melody
Blend with the airy chants above his rest;
And wakes the pines to hymn his hundred years
In the weird symphonies he loved so well;
And listens — if perchance from starry spheres
Some echo of a kindred song should swell.

Poet whose lofty quest no creed could bar;
To whom the secret springs of life were known;
One with the wild rose and the evening star;
The mountain and the mart alike thy throne;—
For thee, from Nature's myriad voices now
And the deep heart of man, ascends a pæan:
Pan was not closer to the earth than thou,
Nor Plato nearer to the empyrean!

O FOR DIVINER AIR

O FOR diviner air
Out where the Vanished fare —
I am aweary of this stifling world!
  O for some waft of bliss
  From richer realms than this!
Earth's winds are dead and all her banners furled.

For they who brought delight
Have fled from mortal sight
Farther than heaving seas or rolling suns;
  O for some charm to free!
  To-night I fain would be
Out in God's open with the vanished Ones!

THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN[30]

"Fit us for humblest service," prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God's eternal plan;
Content by prairie, wood, and stream,
The common lot to share,
Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear —
Then trustfully resigned the life
That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana's woods
This many a year who lies,
Mother and wife whose yearning soul
Looked sadly from her eyes;
Who, dying, called her children close
As the last shadow fell,
And bade them ever worship God
And love each other well —
Then to her forest grave was borne,
The wind her funeral knell;

So drear, so lone, who could have dreamed
The boy her bed beside,
Forth from that narrow door would walk
Among earth's glorified?
But lo! his name from sea to sea
Gives patriotism wings;
Upon his brow a crown is set
Grander than any king's;
And to these fameless graves his fame
Tender remembrance brings.

Ah! still the humble God doth choose
The mighty to confound;
Still them that fear and follow Him
His angel campeth round;
And while by Indiana's woods
Ohio murmuring flows,
And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows, —
While Liberty is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.

GOD'S MARINER

(For the New England Convalescent Rest Home.)

LEAGUES from the light by the harbor side
Is the good ship, fast on a sandy shoal,
Waiting the wind and the morning tide
To spurn the bar for her distant goal;
Ah! when the strong waves lift her keel,
The sails will be wings, the timbers steel.

So voyagers over life's rough sea,
In darkness cast on shoal or shore,
Wait for some tide of sympathy
To bear them out to the deep once more —
Some blessed wind of cheer to blow;
Some guiding light of love to glow.

Let us be light and wind and tide
For those awreck on its chartless main! —
Giving anew the hope that died;
Speeding them still their port to gain;
For oh! God's mariner is he
Who helps the storm-tossed brave the sea!

THE HEAVENLY WAY

(Wherefore my counsel is that we hold fast to the heavenly way. — Plato, "The Republic," Book x.)

THE heavenly way! The narrow path that leads
Where gulf and steep and burning desert bar,
Till, high and clear, it gains the golden meads
And the soft radiance of the morning star.

What dost thou care, O Soul, for present gloom,
The wind's wild tumult and the surging sea?
Bear thyself grandly through the darkest doom,
Thou heir of all that was and is to be.

Only hold fast to heaven! The black night
speeds;
The shadows vanish where the dawn gleams far;
And lo! the rapture of the golden meads,
And peace celestial with the morning star!

THE NATIVITY

Down Kedron's vale the wind blows chill;
The sun in the Great Sea has set;
Its glow has gone from Zion's hill,
From Ramah, and from Olivet;
And on the Temple's marble walls
And the Roman eagle by the gate,
Sombre and shadowy, twilight falls,
And the wide courts grow desolate;
And eastward, black and still and deep,
Looms the Salt Sea in sullen sleep,
And Moab's barren mountains lie
Gloomy and dim against the sky.

Midway, up Bethlehem's terraced height
Come toiling travellers, hastening
To reach their shelter ere the night
Its darker shade and fear shall bring —
From proud, palm-girdled Jericho,
Whose tropic gardens still are green;
From Hebron, fair its vines below,
And many a hill and glen between;

From Jordan's plains; from slopes that north
Greet mighty Hermon towering cold;
For Cæsar's mandate has gone forth
That every house must be enrolled.

Now darkness falls, and Bethlehem's inn
Is crowded as a fold with flocks;
Arches and court the travellers win,
Group after group, with eager din;
And, last of all, a pilgrim knocks —
A grave man, gently shielding there
His wan young wife from the chill air —
Knocks at the strong door of the gate,
And begs admittance, though so late:
"O keeper! strangers here are we
From Nazareth of Galilee,
And worn and weary with our quest;
Unbar the gate, and let us rest!"
"Nay!" rough the host's brief answer falls,
"No room is left, save in the stalls
Where stand the beasts. Now get you thither,
Since late and lone you journey hither!
No other place the walls afford."

And thus, that eve, a stable-cave
Was the rude shelter Bethlehem gave
To Mary, Mother of the Lord.

But, lo! when midnight winds went by,
Aflame was Bethlehem's watching sky!
Great gulfs of splendor clove the blue,
And, flashing their abysses through,
God's angel stood within the ray,
And to the shepherds cried: "This day,
In David's city, Christ is born!"
And suddenly the heavenly host
Filled all the air, and fear was lost
In visions of celestial morn,
As swelled that song of ecstasy —
Herald of Eden's prime again:
"Glory to God in the highest be,
And on earth peace, good will toward men!"
And the shepherds hastened, wondering,
To find the manger-cradled King.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

(Helleborus niger.)

A STAR-EYED child of Judah's line
Watched, in the wintry day's decline —
A loving child whose shepherd sire
Was first to heed the heavenly choir
As swelled the song o'er hill and glen,
On earth be peace, good will toward men —
Watched by the manger-cave to see
With reverent steps the wise men three
Their camels leave, and entering,
With rapture greet the new-born King;
While myrrh and frankincense and gold
Borne far across the wintry wold,
With blessings at his feet they laid.
Then, sorrowful, the little maid
Turned to behold the sunset fall
On Bethlehem's plain and Moab's wall,
And grieved for empty hands, and sighed,
"Ah me! the world is rich and wide,
But birds are flown and fields are bare,
And not one gift of earth or air

Have I, dear God, to offer Him!"
And then her starry eyes grew dim,
And tears dropped fast — when lo! there
sprung
Where warm they fell the sands among,
Green leaves that stainless bloom disclose —
"See! God has sent a flower!" she said,
And for a moment bowed her head;
Then bore the Babe the Christmas Rose.

AT JERUSALEM

I stood by the Holy City,
Without the Damascus Gate,
While the wind blew soft from the distant sea,
And the day was wearing late,
And swept its wide horizon
With reverent, lingering gaze,
From the rolling uplands of the west
That slope a hundred ways,
To Olivet's gray terraces
By Kedron's bed that rise,
Upon whose crest the Crucified
Was lost to mortal eyes;
And, far beyond, to the tawny line
Where the sun seemed still to fall —
So bright the hue against the blue,
Of Moab's mountain wall;
And north to the hills of Benjamin,
Whose springs are flowing yet,
Ramah, and sacred Mizpah,
Its dome above them set;

And the beautiful words of the Psalmist
Had meaning before unknown:
As the mountains are round Jerusalem
The Lord is round His own.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

(For the Woman's Congress of Missions, Chicago, 1893.)

THE Kingdom of God! Is it lands and seas,
Temples, palaces, power and pride?
Learning and beauty and lordly ease?
Nay! earth's glories are swept aside,
Pitiful, passing, phantom things,
Fading as stars when dusk is done
And morning soars on radiant wings
To herald the great, victorious sun!
The Kingdom of God is love and peace;
Brotherhood; purity undefiled;
Sacrifice; service; care's release;
The simple trust of the little child;
Bliss for the soul though joys depart;
Thirst for righteousness; high endeavor;
The reign of the meek and lowly heart;
Rest in the Lord for ever and ever.

The Kingdom of God! And what the throne
Of its Prince whose advent thrilled the air?

Were trumpets of fame before Him blown?
Did carving and purple His couch prepare,
And rabbi and haughty Roman tread
With pride in His steps by mount and mart? —
Ah, no! to the poor and outcast wed,
No place had He to pillow His head,
And His only throne was the loving heart.
But O the freedom, and O the rest
He brought to the prisoned, burdened soul!
Come unto Me, was His sweet behest,
And leave for ever your care and dole;
And O His pity and tender cheer
For the weary women who thronged His way! —
The living water, the widow's bier,
The full forgiveness, the silent tear,
For sister and mother and friend were they;
And to her who touched His robe, to glow
With the tide of life through her veins that stole,
Gracious He answered, Daughter, go
In peace, thy faith hath made thee whole;
And when, to His glory entering in,
And hovering heaven and earth between,
The watcher His earliest word to win
Was Mary, the loving, the Magdalene.

We see Him not. He walks no more
By Zion and Jordan and Galilee,
But, sweet as the song the night winds bore,
And rich with meaning unknown before,
His words ring out as they rang of yore,
Go forth, and tell the world of me!

O Heart of Love! we have heard Thy call;
And in peril and exile, grief and blame,
We have followed Thy feet where the shadows fall
That the wave and the wild might praise Thy Name!
Our dead are wrapped in the polar snows;
They sleep by the palms of tropic seas;
The wind of the desert above them blows;
The coral island their slumber knows;—
They who have drained Thy cup to the lees
And counted it joy, yea, blessedness
To be spent for Thee and for Thee to die!
So they have gained, through toil and stress,
Bliss where the river of life goes by.
Their fields are ours; and lo! a song
From the countless reapers swells to Thee,

As they bind the sheaves while the days are long,
And dream of the harvests yet to be:

Through storm and sun the age draws on
When heaven and earth shall meet,
For the Lord has said that glorious
He will make the place of His feet;
And the grass may die on the summer hills,
The flower fade by the river,
But our God is the same through endless years
And His Word shall stand for ever.

What of the night? O watchman set
To mark the dawn of day; —
"The wind blows fair from the morning star,
And the shadows flee away.
Dark are the vales, but the mountains glow
As the light its splendor flings,
And the Sun of Righteousness comes up
With healing in His wings."

Shine on, shine on, O blessed Sun,
Through all the round of heaven,
Till the darkest vale and the farthest isle
Full to Thy light are given!
Till the desert and the wilderness
As Sharon's plain shall be,
And the love of the Lord shall fill the earth
As the waters fill the sea!

For the toilers find Thy perfect peace
As they follow the path Thy feet have trod,
And know the woes of the world shall cease
In the light and joy of the Kingdom of God!

HIS CHILDREN THREE

(To —— at two years old.)

BEAUTIFUL boy with the wistful eyes,
Are you dreaming now of your native skies?
Do you hear the songs of the blest that swell
Over the meadows of asphodel,
And listen, intent for the voice of one
Who walks no more in the light of the sun —
Your father, gone from our life away
At the darkened dawn of your earthly day?

He in the east and you in the west —
A tiny babe in your cradle-nest —
At twilight, to soothe his dole and pain,
He would hum to himself a sweet refrain,
And talking of you and the dear home things,
Say low, "'T is a song his mother sings;"
And with circling arms and radiant face
Would clasp you all in a mute embrace.

Alas, alas! you cannot remember
The bitter morn of that dark December

When even your coming could not stay
His soul that passed with the dawn away!
But for me, were I in Paradise
Tears unbidden would fill my eyes
At thought of that time, and the slumberer there
Lost to our fondest call and care.

Be sure the love so strong in death
Would never cease with the ceasing breath!
Be sure as you looked on his noble form
Done with our varying shine and storm,
He stooped, whatever his new-world bliss,
To bless the boy unknown in this;
And that always tenderly, tenderly,
He watches over his children three!

O Life is Life for evermore!
And Death a passing shadow —
The gloom a cloud, from its azure floor,
Casts on the sunny meadow;
The west wind blows — the shadow goes.

NOTES

NOTES

[1] COLUMBIA'S BANNER. In February, 1892, at a meeting of superintendents of education in Brooklyn, N. Y., a plan was proposed for a celebration in the schools throughout the country on Columbus Day. This plan, which owed its inception and to a large degree the methods by which it was consummated, to Mr. James B. Upham of *The Youth's Companion*, was unanimously approved by the superintendents, and an executive committee of their number, with a representative of *The Youth's Companion*, was appointed to prepare an official programme of exercises for the day, uniform for every school in America. In obedience to an Act of Congress, the President, on July 21, 1892, issued a proclamation recommending that October 21, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, be celebrated everywhere in America by suitable exercises in the schools. These exercises, to commence at 9 A. M., included the reading of the President's proclamation; the raising of the flag by a company of veterans from the local post; the salute to it by the pupils in these words: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands: one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all;" prayer or Scripture; patriotic music; the declamation

of the address for the occasion — "The Meaning of the Four Centuries;" and the reading or recitation of the poem for the day — "Columbia's Banner." The celebration was universal in the schools from Maine to Alaska, and beginning everywhere at the same hour, the unfurling of the flag, the salute and the pledge, the songs and recitations, followed the sun across the continent. "Everywhere the place of honor for the day was given to the Stars and Stripes, and everywhere the central theme was the glory of America."

[2] NATAS'KA. Lake Mohonk is in the Shawangunk Mountains of Ulster County, New York, fifteen miles west of the Hudson and over twelve hundred feet above the sea. Its shores and cliffs command superb views of the Catskills and the river valleys. The Esopus Indians who inhabited the region were of the Lenni-Lenape Confederacy, and did not fraternize with the Mohawks of the north, to whom at length they became tributary. The council-fire of the Lenni-Lenape was at Wawas'sing, near the site of Philadelphia.

[3] THE CAPTIVE'S HYMN. At the close of the French and Indian War the Indians of Pennsylvania and adjoining regions were compelled to bring their prisoners to Carlisle, Pa., December 31, 1764, and on all sides the friends of these prisoners were summoned to reclaim them. A German woman from Reutlingen, Swabia, whose little daughter, Regina, had been nine years a captive, recovered her by singing Schmolke's hymn, "Alone, yet not alone am I," which she had sung to her

in her childhood. Dr. H. M. Muhlenberg, the chief founder of the Lutheran Church in the United States, reported the incident, at the time, to the German *Hallische Nachrichten*. In 1891 Mrs. Barrows, of the Boston *Christian Register*, called my attention to the story, saying she had brought it to the notice of both Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes, but that both, while expressing great interest in it, had said they were too old to treat it.

[4] MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. In commemoration of the visit of Washington to Boston one hundred years before, a meeting was held in the Old South Meeting House, October 26, 1889, to which all were invited, but which had special reference to the children of the public schools. The object of this meeting was to initiate a movement for raising money to erect a suitable monument upon the long-neglected grave of the mother of Washington, at Fredericksburg, Virginia. At this meeting the Ode written for Washington's reception a hundred years before, was sung to the original music by a chorus from the schools; and from this meeting came the influence which resulted in the Mary Washington Monument Association, and in the beautiful granite shaft, fifty feet tall, which was placed upon the grave in May, 1904.

The following notes on THE SONG OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE were made by the late John Fiske:

[5] "*Ours is the ancient wisdom.*" — The *kiva*, better known to us, perhaps, by its Spanish name *estufa*, is,

among other things, the university, or perhaps we might say the divinity school, of the Pueblo. Here the young man is orally instructed in all the sacred rites and ceremonies of his people, their genesis and their traditions. So careful are they that no mistakes shall be made, the youth is obliged to go over, day after day and year after year, these oral instructions and the long rituals, until he is able to repeat them without the loss of a sentence or word, thereby proving himself qualified to succeed the older men of his people, and so transmit this sacred knowledge to coming generations.

Among the Moquis, the kiva is excavated out of the rock below the surface of the mesa, and then covered over, leaving an opening through which descent is made by a ladder. The kivas of the Zuñi and the Pueblos of the Rio Grande are built above the ground, although entrance to them is made from the top, as with the Moquis.

In each Pueblo there are as many kivas as there are groups or classes of esoteric societies; as, for example, the orders of the Antelope, the Snake, the Bear, the Eagle, etc., etc. The basket, *co-ja-ni-na* (People of the Willows), so called from the tribe that live at the foot of Cataract Cañon, among the heavy grove of willows that grow there, contains *pe-ki*, the native bread, of a slate color. The embroidered sash is used in ceremonies. The jar, or *olla*, containing water, can be found in all the kivas when work is going on.

The men all smoke during their ceremonies, some-

times their ancient pipes, but more generally cigarettes.

[6] *The Sun-god*, the chief deity of the Pueblo Indians, is believed to be the Father of all men. He dies every evening with the setting, and is born anew every morning with the rising sun. "The Sun-father, soaring above the sun, moon, and stars, . . . is surrounded by the symbols of the principal phenomena in nature that are regarded as essentially beneficent to mankind." (Bandelier, *The Delight Makers*, p. 147.)

[7] "*We carry our new-born children forth.*" — Among the Moqui Indians, it is customary, twenty days after the birth of a child, to introduce the infant to the sun. The godmother, after wrapping the baby in an old blanket, and placing it in its cradle, laces the child, together with an ear of corn, snugly in its place.

The father watches for the coming of the sun, and when he announces its faintest appearance, the godmother with the child, followed by the mother, steps out of the house, and they stand on each side of the door, the mother at the right, the godmother at the left. They both scatter sacred meal as the sun appears. As soon as the child has been thus presented they retire into the house, where their relatives are awaiting them. For a complete account of this ceremony, see the article "Natal Ceremonies of the Hopi Indians," by J. G. Owens, in the *Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology*, vol. ii, p. 163. In Zuñi the ceremony, which is very similar, is performed on the tenth day.

See Mrs. Stevenson, "Religious Life of a Zuñi Child," in *Fifth Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.*

[8] "*A'-mi-to-lan-ne*" is one of the Zuñi names for rainbow. There are distinct Rainbow gods and goddesses, as there are distinct Lightning deities. Nearly all phenomena, personified as gods, are in a measure regarded as animals, and of each kind there are apt to be many, male and female, good and evil. Thus the principal Rainbow god is a male, "false and cruel" like the "ruthless worm" that devours the buds. He is called "consumer of clouds," "stealer of the thunder-ball," etc. On the other hand the "Rainbow of the Mist," *A'-mi-to-la-ni-tsa*, is a fertile female, a kinswoman of the Dew or Morning Mist. She is the bearer of salubrious breaths and good tidings from "Those Above," i. e., the immortal Cosmic Gods.

[9] "*The Corn-maids*" are mythological beings supposed to give fertility to the soil and foster the growth of the corn. In the Corn-Drama they are personated by virgins regarded as their own human sisters.

During the planting season, and until the ripening of the corn, these virgins are frequently employed in watching the fields, that the ravens may not raid them and destroy the prospect of a crop. They build bowers of cottonwood limbs, for shade, and in these make their summer homes, having with them their blankets and furs, and such needlework as they occupy their time with.

The costumes of all the Pueblo women are quite the

same. All the blanket-dresses are made by the Moquis, and sold by them among the other Pueblos. Sometimes they receive money in return, but more often ponies, shell beads, turquoise beads, silver ornaments made by the Navajos, and larger and more fanciful blankets for general covering.

[10] "*The eagle, bird of the Whirlwind-God,*" figures often in Zuñi folk-tales, where he performs marvellous feats. "Eagle feathers are highly esteemed for religious purposes. Eagles are kept in wattled corrals on the west side of Zuñi Pueblo, in the plaza near the church, and here and there throughout the Pueblo, sometimes even on the housetops, without cages. They are often sorry-looking birds, poorly representing an emblem of national power." (J. W. Fewkes, *Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology*, vol. ii, p. 26.)

[11] "*Wile the wolf from his den.*" — The Indians have peculiar calls which they use in alluring game within shooting distance of the bow and arrow; and sometimes so close that they can dispatch a wolf or coyote with their stone axes.

The call which allures the wolf is the peculiar sound uttered by the female wild turkey. Then they use the bone of the turkey leg for a whistle, with which they imitate various birds, calling the larger ones by uttering the notes of the small ones, upon which they prey. These are the methods most obvious to us, but regarded by the Indian as comparatively clumsy. Priests of the hunter societies, through their intimate knowledge of

animal habits and aptitudes, exhibit remarkable powers of charming beasts and birds. They sometimes produce effects analogous to hypnotism. Mr. Cushing tells me that he has seen prairie-dogs lured out to the edges of their burrows by cries half-imitative, half-musical; and then held motionless there by the flashing of light into their eyes from prisms of rock-crystal, until they became stupefied and could be captured alive.

[12] "*The lilies of Té-na-tsa-li.*" — This person is the hero of a folk-tale. He attempted to woo a lovely maiden, who, with her three beautiful sisters, lived at Kiakima on Thunder Mountain. These maidens were very rich, and made beautiful baskets. Many young men tried to woo them, but each one disappeared mysteriously, having been killed by these cruel but beautiful girls. Té-na-tsa-li, a child of the gods, the brother of the god of Dew, loved the elder one, and went to her house. The maiden said if he could hide from her so she could not find him, then she would wed him; but he, knowing her magic arts, refused to go first, and insisted upon her hiding from him. This she tried to do, but by means of magic he found her. Then he tried to hide from her, but, knowing that she could find him, by magic, anywhere on earth, he mounted on a sun's ray to the Sun-father. The maiden followed his footsteps till they stopped, and then, filling a shell with water, looked into it and saw the reflection of the sun, and Té-na-tsa-li hidden there. When he found he

was discovered, Té-na-tsa-li came to the earth again, and asked the maiden what her commands were. Without answering, she drew a sharp obsidian knife from her robe and cut off his head, buried the body, and dragged the bleeding head to her house, where she hid it. As Té-na-tsa-li did not return home, his brother went to find him, and was able to trace him by the beautiful flowers which had sprung up where he had stepped or his blood had dropped. The bright-colored lilies which grow near Zuñi are called the lilies of Té-na-tsa-li, and are said to have the power to heal the sick and those who have suffered in war. (Abridged from a Zuñi folk-tale, translated by F. H. Cushing.)

[13] "*Plant the earliest maize.*" — In aboriginal American mythology the beautiful Indian corn plays as prominent a part as the cow in ancient Aryan folk-lore. Dr. Fewkes observes that "this characteristic American plant may rightly be called the natural food of all the Pueblo people. Their folk-tales teem with references to it, and it is regarded as one of the best gifts of the gods. Their language is rich in names for maize in its different stages of growth, and for the products made from it."

[14] "*Prayer-plumes*" are "painted sticks to which the feathers or down of various birds (according to the nature of the prayer they are to signify) are attached. The aborigine deposits these wherever and whenever he feels like addressing himself to the higher powers, be it for a request, in adoration only, or for thanks-

giving. In a certain way the prayer-plume or plume-stick is a substitute for prayer, inasmuch as he who has not time may deposit it hurriedly as a votive offering. The paint which covers the piece of stick to which the feather is attached becomes appropriately significant through its colors; the feather itself is the symbol of human thought, flitting as one set adrift in the air toward heaven, where dwell those above." (Bandelier, *The Delight Makers*, p. 100.)

"While she stands and gazes and dreams, a flake of down becomes detached, and quivers upward in the direction of the moon's silvery orb. Such a flitting and floating plume is the symbol of prayer. It rises and rises, and at last disappears as if absorbed by moonlight. The mother above has listened to her entreaty, for the symbol of her thought, the feather, has gone to rest in the bosom of her who watches over every house, who feels with every loving, praying heart." (*Ibid.* p. 154.)

[15] "*As full to the east we kneel.*" — The ceremony of planting *ba-hos* (prayer-sticks) at the watering-places is common among all the Pueblo Indians. A certain order, called Kō-Kō, is composed partly of unmarried women, who take a vow of celibacy before entering the order. They repair to the springs before dawn, and place the ba-hos about the water. This is to invoke the aid of the water-god to send them plenty of rain, that their crops may be bountiful.

The feathers attached to the ba-hos symbolize

thought, and in this ceremony waft their prayers to the water-god above; the sticks to which the feathers are attached are fashioned to represent lightning, the water-deity.

The Pueblo Indians, not being able to separate the subjective from the objective, recognize a likeness between the snake and the lightning, therefore they are related; and for this reason we account for their high veneration of the snake. They believe lightning to be the water-god himself. When he appears he strikes a cloud, and the report of the blow is the thunder which follows; the effect is rain.

This ceremony is performed two or three or more times a year, according to the condition of the weather. Drought will bring the Kō-Kō together for this ceremony more frequently, of course.

Prayer-sticks of similar construction to the ba-hos are placed about the graves of the departed.

[16] "*And the Water-God, the jewelled toad.*" — In the Southwest during and after a rain the beautiful desert toads come to the surface, and when wet their bodies reflect the light and shine like jewels. The Indians believed that these toads had power to bring rain, and so they used to make images of toads which they placed along their watercourses to guide the water. Very few of these fetishes are known to exist now; but beautiful ancient specimens, encrusted with turquoises and coral-shells inlaid in gum, were found by the Hemenway Expedition in the buried Pueblos of the Salado valley.

[17] "*The dance and prayers of the A′-kâ-kâ.*" — The A′-kâ-kâ (called *Ka-tcí-nas* by the Moquis) is the brotherhood of the Mythic-Drama-Dance, and its members represent symbolically the souls of the first ancestors of mankind. For further accounts see Mrs. Stevenson, "Religious Life of a Zuñi Child," in *Fifth Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.*

[18] "*Crosses, terraces, slanting bars.*" — "The red cross is the symbol of the morning star; the white, of the evening. The terraced pyramids are the clouds, for the clouds appear to the Indian as staircases leading to heaven, and they in turn support the rainbow, a tri-colored arch." (Bandelier, *The Delight Makers*, p. 147.)

[19] "*Twin children of the Sun.*" — There is a tradition among the Zuñi and Moqui Indians that two youths, called "twin children of the Sun," bade adieu to their people, and started upon a pilgrimage to find where day began. They were never heard of afterward, but it is supposed they are now the guests of the Ka-tcí-nas.

These young men are represented in the traditional primitive costume of the cougar skin, bow and quiver, and the eagle feather.

[20] "*Po′-shai-ank′-ya, the master.*" — A great character in Zuñi mythology, the leader and saviour of the people.

[21] "*The rare tobacco leaves.*" — Dr. Fewkes says (*Journal*, vol. iii, p. 76) that native tobacco was used

in the sacred ceremonials. Although he supplied the Indians plentifully with white men's tobacco, he never saw them use it in sacred rites. The bark of the red willow is often used in place of tobacco.

[22] "*By the dead a vase of water clear.*" — It is the custom to break a bowl of clear water beside the dead, that the soul may have an easy and speedy passage to the other world.

[23] "*Through Ka-thlu-el'-lon's Lake.*" — This is a sacred lake about sixty miles southwest of Zuñi, through which A'-kâ-kâ are believed to have come up on the earth, and through which, after death, the soul passes to Shi-papu, where there is eternal dancing and feasting.

[24] "*Far to west, Francisco's peaks.*" — The Pueblo of Shi-mo-pa-vi is the loftiest of the Moqui villages. From its walls there is a glorious view of the desert, with the snow-capped peaks of the Francisco Mountains in central Arizona, the range whence the Francisco River winds its way down to the Gila and the weird Colorado, until its waters are lost in the Vermilion Sea, as the old explorers used to call the Gulf of California. These mountains have nothing to do with *San Francisco*, from which they are distant many hundred miles; nor do they belong even to the Sierra Nevada, but to the Rocky Mountain system.

[25] "*Our heralds call at sunset still.*" — It is still the custom in Zuñi and Moqui for the herald, who is a kind of town-crier, to announce events, make known the loss of goods, etc.

[26] "*By towering Ta-ai-yal'-lo-ne.*" — Midway between the gateway of Zuñi and the Cañon of Cottonwoods stands majestic Thunder Mountain, Ta-ai-yal'-lo-ne, magnificent in the coloring and chiselling of its rocky sides. From its hill-ensconced base to its almost level summit, the height is about a thousand feet. At the foot stand the ruins of the ancient Zuñi town of Kiakima. It was near this spot that the negro Estevánico, companion of Fray Marcos of Nizza, was killed by the Zuñis in 1539. See Fiske, *Discovery of America*, vol. ii, p. 505.

[27] "*The trickling springs at the mesa foot.*" — All the water at Moqui has to be carried up to a height of seven hundred feet from the springs at the foot of the mesa. Morning and evening the women meet at the watering-places to fill their large canteens and ollas, or earthen jars. They take the occasion for rest and gossip, and, after all, while their lives are full of toil, they seem careless and happy, and certainly enjoy themselves more than when put among civilized people whose advanced condition they cannot at all comprehend.

It is extremely interesting to go to the springs early in the morning or at close of day and study the groups that collect by them. At first they are shy and restrained by the presence of a stranger, but on acquaintance they resume their natural ways, and begin to chatter and frolic.

The Moqui women dress their hair in different ways

to distinguish a maiden from a married woman. The former wears upon the side of her head, just above the ears, huge cart-wheel puffs, while the married women and old women wear theirs braided, banged, tied in a knot behind, or allowed to drop loosely by the sides. The Spaniards noticed these cart-wheel puffs in 1539. No other Pueblo women have adopted this peculiar way of distinguishing the maidens.

[28] "*A'-shi-wi*" is a Zuñi name for the Zuñis themselves.

[29] "*The mountain meadow's bloom.*" — In the Zuñi Mountains there are little meadows where the deer used to graze.

It was the ancient hunting-ground of the Zuñi Indians, and is at the present time occupied by a cattle company, whose herds have supplanted the deer and antelope of other days. In some of the valleys the pine-tree grows to very great proportions. It should be borne in mind that the altitude of these grazing spots is not less than six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

[30] The grave of Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham Lincoln, is in Coles County, Illinois; that of Nancy Lincoln, his mother, in Spencer County, Indiana.

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